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THE NATIONAL ERA

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FOR THE NATIONAL ERA.

ROSA AND HER SUITORS.

A TALE OF SWEDISH DOMESTIC LIFE.

BY EMILIE F. CARLEN,

Author of "One Year of Married Life," "The Bride of Ostbury," &c. &c.

TRANSLATED BY ELBERT PERCE.

CHAP. XI.

New Year's Morning.

The great town bell had just chimed the hour of nine, when the long black ranks of the gentlemen of the council slowly ascended the broad steps leading to the house of the Burgomaster B——: at the same time might be seen several groups of well-dressed gentlemen, in blue cloaks, elegantly trimmed with red or green; they were members of the Honorable Trading Company, and were on their way to the Merchant Widen's small palace, and never halted on their course until it brought them under the portly shadow of the tall and radiant person of Orchidea Widen herself.

Somewhat later, the streets were thronged with young court notaries, strolling along in pleasing variety, arm in arm with the young sons of Mars, and visiting such houses as might offer any just claim to such a distinction—that is to say, where there was a young and charming wife, or a pretty daughter to pay their court to, or good stores of Swedish and Madeira wine; at other places they merely left cards. Not until after service did the other individuals, consisting of young men in the meagre garb of adjuncts, or clerks, &c., commence bowing and scraping in the ante-rooms of their superiors.

In the dining hall, at Mr. Widen's, stood a long, richly-covered table, where all who might be so disposed were at liberty, upon New Year's morning, to satisfy both their eyes and their appetites. It was a grand levee day, and the house was free, even to all the junior servants of the trade, overseers, *et cetera*. The Merchant himself, in a most luxurious morning costume of wadded green silk, sat in state in a large mahogany chair, at the end of the table, and remained there from nine in the morning until one in the afternoon, at which period the poor wearied man was at last at liberty to seek consolation for his toils in a refreshing nap, upon his own especial and cosy sofa.

During the long hours of this portion of the house was incessantly bustling backwards and forwards, from ante-room to dining-hall. In the former was served wine and cake, and in the latter was collected all the youth, brilliancy, taste, and beauty, which the town could offer.

Rosa stood at the window, (her cozy and eyes were to be found there,) and, with natural instinct directed the answers which she occasionally gave to two or three young gentlemen, who inflicted her with their commonplace questions—such as, why they had not the pleasure of seeing her at the ball, &c.

It could not have been Captain Ferdinand after whom she was looking, for he had been there a couple of hours in company with the other officers of the garrison, and had already paid his tender expressions, that he was positively engaged for the entire *morning*; and, then, after all the noise and confusion, should be over, that she must not expect him before the afternoon.

But Manuersteid had not yet made his appearance, nor had he been seen there since the second Sunday after Christmas, when, for the first time, he had offered the pangs of martyrdom; she had felt obliged to turn the burden upon my conscience and attempt a dance with him at a public dance, in private societies and balls, while she was in a state of intolerable anxiety—for Manersteid had again fallen ill, not dangerously, it is true, but sufficiently to prevent his leaving his room for several days. He had ventured out too soon, after the violent fever, and the severe cold which he caught on that occasion, and was forced to keep his room, though he was able to walk about his apartment.

Larson, who went over in the morning to inquire after him, brought back the intelligence that he had talked of going out. It was therefore hardly to be wondered at, that Rosa's eyes were so very fixed upon the door of the street. She was, however, often obliged to turn and address her guests, and therefore could not see all that passed there. At the very moment when the gay host of gentlemen had divided its height, and when, amid the noise and loud talking and laughing, a knock at the door could scarcely be heard, Rosa's quick ear, however, detected one. Almost at the same moment the door was opened, and Manersteid entered.

He was dressed in his new black suit, which was of fashionable cut, and became him remarkably well. Hat in hand, he gracefully bowed to the company, and then approached Rosa, and, in a few simple but well-selected expressions, wished her as much happiness in the coming year as—as—could ever be collected into the fold of one poor mortal.

The assembled guests were extremely astonished, as well at Manersteid's new vestments, as at his unwonted and lively spirits, and a certain striking resemblance to that which he had been during the famous waltz on the betrothal evening.

Whispers passed buzzing through the apartment.

"Eh, oh; what does that mean, eh?"

The grocers curled their sweet lips in the prettiest possible manner, and the gentlemen forgot that they had still at least ten or a dozen visits to make.

However, Manersteid did not remain seated more than three minutes, when he arose, and, with another bow, left the room. His respects had to be paid to the family, and he had several other visits of duty to make. During the few minutes Frank had been sitting there, he had placed his hat and gloves upon a table beside him, and had, in the excitation of his thoughts, forgotten the latter, when he made his bow, to pay his visit in the dining-hall. Here he felt obliged, at the gracious invitation from the host, to take a glass of punch at the table for a short time. Whilst this was passing, the company in the drawing-room had gradually departed, and Rosa was left behind. She was just on the point of going out herself, when Manersteidt re-entered for his gloves. In the greatest possible hurry, but, withal, handkerchief, were thrown down again upon the table.

"Is Miss Widen thinking of going to church?" asked Frank, as he approached the table where Rosa had quite innocently covered his gloves under all her own things.

"Yes, I believe—yes, very probably," answered Rosa, extremely embarrassed at finding herself, for the first time since the little scene at the table, alone with him whom she felt was every day becoming more dangerous to her peace of mind.

"Pray excuse me if I am detaining you," stammered Frank, as confused as herself, "I merely returned for my gloves."

And now they both began to search most diligently; at last, Rosa found the lost property, and offered it to the owner with a timid, "I really beg your pardon."

Manersteidt could not help taking the hand as well as what it held, and ventured, for the first time, to allow his lips to burn upon its snowy surface; but rapidly controlling the storm of feeling with the power of his will, he resumed his calmness, released her hand, and, in a low but firm voice, said—

"Captain Ling visited me in that first and most painful moment of sorrow, and rather will I die than be ungrateful." He paused, and appeared to be struggling with himself, but quickly continued—"My warmest prayers shall be constantly offered up for his and Rosa's happiness. The happiness of both must ever be bound up in one, for the inviolability of such a union is sacred, sacred in itself—sacred against every temptation by which, under a serpent's form, may essay to creep into its paradise of peace and innocence, and poison with its mere breath the fresh and happy life within. No! such a union must be sacred, or we find no substance there. They sleep silently, for the rose is oven sacred to them, and only from afar and in the cloth world of memory may they venture to rejoice in its glory."

Manersteidt's glance sought Rosa's eyes; they were cast down, but he saw a tear pearling in the lash. Had he dared, he would have been cheap for the privilege of kissing it away, but then he would have scorned himself and so, perhaps would she; he only pressed, with his mother's last bequest—her letter—and fled.

An hour later, two young girls, well furred and veiled, were tripping arm in arm down Widen street; they stopped at the house of Professor Ling, and entered.

"Come, come, dear Hilda," said Rosa Widen, drawing Miss Borgenhjelm after her through the little hall. "I must pay Uncle Ling a visit, and you must come with me. I feel assured, indeed I will guaranty, that you will be welcome."

"Be it upon your conscience, then," rejoined Hilda, with a faint smile, "if he should be cheerful, and not scold me for my past sins, even if I am to suffer for it myself; but I do assure you, my good Rosa, that I should feel like sinking through the floor, if the Professor should give me the slightest reason to think that peculiar expression, which he can use when he is inclined."

"Fie, fie!" said Rosa, "he will not do so. Only come, and rely wholly upon me."

The two girls entered the Professor's study—

It was empty; but Rosa boldly opened the door leading to the little drawing room. She held Hilda, who was behind her, by the hand, and, putting her head in through the passage, she called—

"Can we come in, uncle?" She stood waiting his reply in the entrance; but a thousand treacherous clouds of crimson suffused her cheeks and brow, when, to her great horror, besides the Professor, the figure of another person on the sofa, opposite the door—and that other—he could be no other—but it was impossible he should have met him here? Nevertheless, it was Manersteidt himself, who had come to pay a visit to the Professor, to tender him his warm and grateful thanks for the bounteous aid which he had afforded him.

"Now, then, child, what is it? Come in, come in," cried the Professor, in answer to his sharp, quick glances turned first upon Rosa's blushing cheeks, and then upon the young teacher. But Manersteidt had arisen, and with a rapid survey, absorbed all the clearing, a beautiful vase. Professor Ling, however, understood something about similar fits of admiration, and, with a good-natured smile, which was not entirely clear to his comprehension, a suspicion, of which the first spark had been kindled in his mind on the evening of the betrothal, was confirmed.

On that evening, his eyes had been fixed with sympathy upon Manersteidt, when he had never seen him before, but of whose industry as well as poverty, he had heard frequently; and, during this slight survey, he had plainly noticed the fire that flashed in the youth's eye, whenever he met the quick and piercing glance of Rosa's white dress, as she flitted by.

The old man's silent conclusions, as usual, found vent in a long-drawn hem; whereupon the girls.

"Welcome, my child"—he kissed Rosa's forehead—"and you, too, Hilda. Hem! hem!"

"My good, kind uncle," said Rosa, archly, and stroking the Professor's wrinkled cheeks, "I have ventured to assure Hilda that she would be welcome here; and I am ready to die with apprehension, lest you should find that I was not entirely clear to his comprehension, a suspicion, of which the first spark had been kindled in his mind on the evening of the betrothal, was confirmed.

"You little simpleton," said the Professor, "I cannot really take the burden upon my conscience of letting you die from any such dreadful cause. Come here, Hilda, dear. There now, is it right now? Well, well; you are both of you welcome; and so now sit down. But what the mischief, Manersteidt, is to prevent you standing there, gazing at that vase, or the flowers in it, while we have such beautiful living blossoms here to look at? Come, come, child, with? Come, turn round, and behave yourself, and show your face to the ladies. Let them see that you are not destitute of politeness, and all that, which Ferdinand is everlastingly chattering about."

The name of Ferdinand, in conjunction with all its rest, did not exactly answer the purpose of bringing the young people's confused thoughts into order again. Gradually, however, they all recovered themselves, and Manersteidt seated himself at the table, submitting to engage them in a tolerably connected and agreeable train of conversation; to which the Professor—to-day in an especially pleasant humor—contributed his largely.

"We ought to have some wine and biscuit, and that sort of thing," said he, somewhat impatient at not seeing Madame Ivan make her appearance. His three guests certainly wanted nothing of the kind, but their host's will was law; and Hilda, who, in her earlier days, was so much at her ease at home, arose quickly, and, with an "allow me, uncle," was out of the room in a second, and soon returned with the desired refreshments.

"Where is Madame Brun hiding herself?" asked the Professor, feeling a little embarrassed at seeing Hilda so completely at home again.

"She is in the kitchen, my dear uncle. She has only just returned from church," replied Hilda, beginning quietly and composedly to hand round the glasses and the biscuits.

They were just beginning to enjoy the Professor's excellent old Muscat, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and Captain Ferdinand came rushing in, booted, spurred, sabred, and ready for the field.

"Now, then, what in Heaven's name is the matter?" exclaimed the host, in astonishment, as he beheld the bottles, glasses, cakes, and the guests, who were sitting round the Professor's large table; for here the usual refreshment was merely the prelude to the more substantial fare.

But, at the sight of Hilda, he turned pale, and his gaiety suddenly gave place to an artificial and constrained tone, which he felt was quite out of place; but he was incapable of resuming his usual composure. This little incident put all parties out of tune. Hilda's proud spirit came rushing to her aid, and, rising from the table for a short time. Whilst this was passing, the company in the drawing-room had gradually departed, and Rosa was left behind. She was just on the point of going out herself, when Manersteidt re-entered for his gloves. In the greatest possible hurry, but, withal, handkerchief, were thrown down again upon the table.

"Is Miss Widen thinking of going to church?" asked Frank, as he approached the table where Rosa had quite innocently covered his gloves under all her own things.

"Yes, I believe—yes, very probably," answered Rosa, extremely embarrassed at finding herself, for the first time since the little scene at the table, alone with him whom she felt was every day becoming more dangerous to her peace of mind.

"Pray excuse me if I am detaining you," stammered Frank, as confused as herself, "I merely returned for my gloves."

And now they both began to search most diligently; at last, Rosa found the lost property, and offered it to the owner with a timid, "I really beg your pardon."

Manersteidt could not help taking the hand as well as what it held, and ventured, for the first time, to allow his lips to burn upon its snowy surface; but rapidly controlling the storm of feeling with the power of his will, he resumed his calmness, released her hand, and, in a low but firm voice, said—

"Captain Ling visited me in that first and most painful moment of sorrow, and rather will I die than be ungrateful." He paused, and they wish; but should their wishes stand in opposition to the iron hand of necessity, to yield becomes a compulsory virtue."

"Ha, ha, ha! you do not?" said the old man, with a good-natured smile. "Aye, aye, such might be the case; but, meanwhile, men entangle themselves, by their own thoughtless conduct, in a whole crowd of necessities and duties, without which they could have been comfortable enough, and which of themselves again entail inextricable results."

Manersteidt, who was totally ignorant of the domestic relations of the family, was not aware to what the Professor alluded, and therefore thought it better to be silent. The old gentleman beat his sharp glance firmly upon Frank, and continued—

"Of your wife and his bride, for instance."

He paused.

"How so?" asked Manersteidt, in a tolerably composed tone, though his voice slightly trembled.

"Why, in my opinion," continued the Professor, "they have just entered into a mutual relation of duties, and have taken duties upon themselves, which I am apprehensive they may respectively find not a little difficult to perform; for duties are more sacred to each other than the girl could be to me."

"I have not the honor of knowing much of the Captain," replied Manersteidt, "and therefore cannot speak to his merits; but I have known Miss Widen long and well, and I know not how the man must be constituted whom her amiable nature and truly good qualities would not make happy."

"Well, then, he must just be exactly endowed with the qualities," said the Professor, "which fall to the share of Rosa's nephew. I know the business, and cannot bear regretting the blindness of these two young people. Indeed, I was this morning almost broken off; but what says Mr. Manersteidt?"

Frank hardly knew whether the Professor was in jest or earnest; but, in a serious tone of voice, he replied—

"For my part, I consider a betrothal, in regard to its duration, as sacred as marriage itself."

There was a certain air of cordial good will in the looks of the Professor, as Manersteidt thus spoke; and the smile that curled his lips was full of kindness, as, after a short pause, he replied—

"Those are good principles, my dear Manersteidt, but they are by no means applicable to everything of the kind. I am afraid, that if Ferdinand and Rosa are married, it will not be a happy marriage; and is it prudent to sacrifice oneself, and one's whole prospective happiness, just to be the blind slave of a hasty promise?"

"I cannot, dare not, venture to speak my thoughts to the Professor," answered Frank, bitterly. "I cannot rely upon my own judgment. I am still young, and have not much experience to aid me. But this I certainly do know—I would rather die than wound, I fear Rosa had broken the engagement herself. I do most heartily and fervently wish that it may not be so, for to meet with such a rebuff, which had a shade of levity in so beautiful a character, would most deeply afflict me."

With a look of friendly approbation, the Professor gave Manersteidt his hand.

"I believe myself," said he, "that it will never originate with her; however, let us talk of something else. Then do you hope to graduate?"

"Not for a year. I have to undergo examination before me, ere I can attain the object I have long been striving for, and which has only been delayed by my distressed circumstances. I am now preparing myself for it with all the energy I possess."

"Good; and what prospects, Mr. Manersteidt."

"According to what one of my old friends, Counsellor Lifver, wrote me this day, I have the decided promise, as soon as I have finished my studies, to be appointed to the academy of my native town; and when the rector, who is already in years, receives the pastorship, which cannot be long ere it occurs, I have the hope of succeeding him in his present place."

"That all sounds very well," said the Professor; "and as I have always taken pleasure in young men, and their own way, as well as I afford me great pleasure, if I can in any way assist you in leaving this town; and the sooner the better."

Mute with grateful emotion, Manersteidt bowed deeply.

"I have no more eager wish; I will, and *must* leave." Confused at the idea of the interpretation which the Professor might possibly put upon this "must," he arose to take his leave; but his hospitable host, holding him back, replied—

"I ordered Madame Brun this morning to have dinner for two, in case I might be fortunate enough to find some guest to partake with me."

Manersteidt cordially thanked him, and reseated himself—and the conversation took a more confidential turn.

When Manersteidt had left him in the evening, the Professor muttered to himself, "a confounded brave lad; it would be a sin not to help him. I cannot understand the little Rosa. Why could she not have waited? She might have relied upon it, that the honest lad would not leave run away from her. However, I suppose she fancied her father and mother would never have consented. The day may come, however, when Mr. Widen will accept a rector for a son-in-law—for I see it is all up with Ferdinand.

For the National Era.

THE WATER-LILY.

BY MARY OLEMMER AMES.

Where murmuring music swells,
Blaging from liquid bells,
In moss-grown mountain wells,
Hid in sequestered dells,
The water-lily lifts her glorious eye.
O, thou art wondrous fair;
Dearest of nature's treasures gem-like ever.
Of words I have no dower,
To liken thee, thou rare and regal flower.

No rich Etruscan vase,
With mimic life the sculptured face—
No cup of braided pearls,
From which bright, fairy girls
Drink honeyed draughts of dew, could match thee well.
Not e'en the crowns they wear,
Of dew, pellucid, rare,
Bound on their golden hair,
Methinks can be so wonderfully fair.

Ne'er went thou nurtured near,
Thou art a stranger here—
I know thy lineage dear,
Thy silent, quivering fears—
Thou matchless star, last from an angel's hand;
God spoke and called thee forth
Who bore thee as a light
To this far world of night,
Bearing in wild affright;
When earth's dark face of sin first met her sight,
She lost thee from her grasp,
And now the waters clasp
Upon their tremulous breast,
In waving, floating rest,
Thy dazzling form, thou radiant, heaven-born guest.

O wanderer, shine eye
Looks ever to the sky,
Yearning for her to come,
Who bore thee from thy home,
To bear thee back unto thy native skies!
She who, in realms above,
Was once thine angel love,
Now comes once more to thee,
Thou beauteous mystery!
God, who commissioned her,
Hath made thee, too, a heavenly minister.

When birds forget to fly,
When all the breezes lie
Asleep in tree-tops high,
When day dies in the skies,
And wooing waves murmur their love in sighs;
Low on thine amber bed,
Soft droops thy weary head,
Hidden in fringe's eclipse,
The waviests' silver lips
Do kiss away thy tears,
Till thou in perfumed sleep forgettest all thy fears.

Here bloom no gorgeous flowers,
In dusty garden bowers,
Through day's toil-laden hours!

No piles of costly art,
No moiling, toiling marts,
No struggling, suffering hearts,
Profane the quiet of this sweet retreat:
Nothing save peace doth brood
In this dim solitude,
Where thou dost dwell apart,
Teaching great lessons to the human heart.

I would that I could be
Sinless and pure as thee;
O, would my every thought were pure
Looked ever to the skies,
Yearning for one to come,
Who bore me upward to her home!
My restless human heart
Loves not to dwell apart
From all the fairest pride,
The pride and pomp of life.
Though mournfully I roam,
Seeking a better home,
Though sad, oft-springing tears,
Though high hopes quenched in fears,
Prove me a stranger here.
Like thee an exile from my native sphere.

Knowlesville, New York.

MODERN PILGRIMS.

Extracts from George Wood's forthcoming Work.

CHAPTER X.

Of Babylon and its Society.

It was said of ancient Nineveh, "that great city;" in the days of Babylon, as significant of the greatness of its population, there were three Nineveh, and with all the improvements made by statists, no reliable census could ever be made of this modern city. Its numbers increased from noon to night, and diminished from dark to noon, and was an invariable law of change which defied computation; and, too, this constituted a class of innocents peculiar to modern times.

Babylon was the great mart of commerce, and the centre of wealth and luxury; among princes and bankers had built up the upper section of the city in palaces of red sandstone and pastent brick, and their country-seats were seen lining the banks of the river—appearing out from every shady nook, and crowning every height around the city, for a wide circuit of miles.

The ruling passion of these people was money-making, and this was followed, as it must ever be, with a love of money-spending. And why the two are sometimes united among Babylonians. At the mart, they made no distinction by what means money was made—whether it was by the sale of slaves, Smyrna, or these rags nicely made into thin paper, containing vignettes of naked women and Indians, and duly signed, which thence took the name and style of money—the very thing it actually is. And although this was, of all other methods, the most successful way to wealth, yet it required a height of talent which only a few could command. But money, when acquired, must be spent; though some few contented themselves with investments in real estate and State stocks, these could not long enjoy the wealth end spend it, in such a way as should secure them a position in the best circles of fashion and refinement. These two circles, fashion and refinement, may be said to be the rivers—running orbits of other bodies moving in elevated spheres, though lying among the same plane, by eye can each distinguish. Money was a requisite for both—essential to the one, and very useful. Without money, one could not be a leading fashionable. It was a contest, which of these circles should be the highest. Fashion, which is only a counterfeit of refinement had pa-re-quisites which money could not command, arising from birth, education, accomplishment, scientific and sometimes literary eminence, which money could not buy, it demanded o be recognised as the best; a claim acknowledged by those who most completely filled it.

Among this second circle of the aristocracy of wealth, there was an intense jealousy of any one entering and taking rank in the highest walks of social life in Babylon, whose only claim was founded on the charms of intelect and manners. Especially was this true of women. It seemed as if each one felt such intruder taking something from herself, and, in some way, shading her individual brightness. It was a rare occurrence; but yet such achievements were occasionally made, and when they were accomplished, as when, for example, at the time of which we write, Miss Gray, an orphan of a revolutionary colonel, rose by her beauty the force of talent, and by charms of intellect enveloped by those who could admire what they had no power to imitate; for grace and goodness do make themselves felt. Her influence was by such power of fascination this young lady drew around her men of genius, men of literature, and learned. These men, one by one, acquired knowledge of a home, always bright with unaffected courtesy, and with the presence of minds who here found an atmosphere congenial to their tastes, where it was not out of place to talk of subjects of their long study, a circle in which all sought to please, and none to shine.

We have said the tests of gentility in Babylon were the manner in which the possession of wealth was made manifest to the world, the taste. Its furniture, its pictures, its statuary, plate, vases, mirrors, and last, not least, their libraries. In pictures, the "old masters" were mostly preferred. Indeed, a lady of eminence told a visitor from the country, who was giving a fine old picture, "that she and her husband thought alike in all such matters, and never would hang up in their drawing-room any but old masters, and intended going to the continent next summer, with their two girls, expressly to be painted by the old masters." The libraries were for the most part composed of books of the cabinet-maker; and the old authors very like prisoners bound, appearing at the plate-glass doors.

But, above all things else, the highest *ton* was expressed in their notions of piety. Pietism was the rage; and the centres of fashion were the gorgeous, splendid churches of the Papal and apostolical High Church of Babylon. In this, as in everything else, they sought to be very "re-church," as that eminent person, Mr. Aubrey Brown, would call it, of Christ Church, went to say. This gentleman was equally distinguished by his position as a leader of *ton*, at parties, at balls, at public dinners, and by the fact that his services were in constant request; and it was his favorite phrase, when called upon to employ his talents by some ambitious lady or gentleman, "I think I can say that I am very re *churcha*." We will give a single illustration of the power exerted by this distinguished gentleman over the circles of the moneyed section of the aristocracy in Babylon. By some accident in putting up his sign as sexton on the church, the bar on the shield on which his name and street was emblazoned was painted *sinister*; and, without further investigation, magnificent palaces, along the Fifth Avenue and elsewhere, all bear, carved in the rich embalatures over the entrance, shields like those of Mr. John Brown, with bar sinisters thereon; and, unless erased, there they stand to this day.

On a Sunday morning, if the weather was fine, it was a beautiful sight to see these votaries of fashion, in elegant costumes, attended by gentlemen as faultless in dress as themselves, going to church, and then to witness their demeanor in church. Piety is always beautiful, and the affectation of piety is very pretty; for it affords the sweetness of contrast—the levity of the last ball, with its waltzes, comes up to the mind, in sweet relief to the serenity of devotion, transforming the Circe, with her witchery and sinful significant glance, into the loveliest Magdalen. These contrasts (whether defined or not) are not the less captivating, and felt most by those who themselves are most innocent.

In the *haute monde*, as we have said, and as was befitting, the piety was that of the high church, Topics the most delicate to be treated of, by some old turn of the kaleidoscope of fashion, became questions of the first curiosity and notoriety; and such of our readers as would like to know all that can be said, in the most slim-strung, attenuated, referred to "The New Une, or Lady Alice," whose popularity solely rests upon the treatment of topics of saintly interest and extremest delicacy by the author, who has shown himself a worthy scholar in the school of Sanches, Liguori, and other sainted writers, upon subjects occult and difficult to handle with men—in a pious way.

And now, this brings us to the subject matter of our story—the shortest and surest way to reach the Celestial City.

CHAPTER II.

Scenes at a Camp Meeting.

The camp was formed upon and around a natural hollow, level at the bottom for three hundred feet in diameter. This was open. A slope, reaching a quarter of a mile on all sides, was covered over with shade-trees and underwood. The brush around the front of the circle had been carefully grubbed out, and the thickets and trees closed in the amphitheatre on all sides, forming a natural and grand temple for a camp-ground. A well of pure water was ding in the centre of the hollow, which proved to be never-failing. It was this hollow that had given to this picturesque spot the name of the "Devil's Punchbowl." But, when its facilities for a camp-ground became known, the religious of Vanity Fair had decided in the first city of six-score thousand who could not tell their right hands from their left." Now, in Babylon, though not so large a city as ancient Nineveh, and with all the improvements made by statists, no reliable census could ever be made of this modern city. Its numbers increased from noon to night, and diminished from dark to noon, and was an invariable law of change which defied computation; and, too, this constituted a class of innocents peculiar to modern times.

Babylon was the great mart of commerce, and the centre of wealth and luxury; among princes and bankers had built up the upper section of the city in palaces of red sandstone and pastent brick, and their country-seats were seen lining the banks of the river—appearing out from every shady nook, and crowning every height around the city, for a wide circuit of miles.

The ruling passion of these people was money-making, and this was followed, as it must ever be, with a love of money-spending. And why the two are sometimes united among Babylonians. At the mart, they made no distinction by what means money was made—whether it was by the sale of slaves, Smyrna, or these rags nicely made into thin paper, containing vignettes of naked women and Indians, and duly signed, which thence took the name and style of money—the very thing it actually is. And although this was, of all other methods, the most successful way to wealth, yet it required a height of talent which only a few could command. But money, when acquired, must be spent; though some few contented themselves with investments in real estate and State stocks, these could not long enjoy the wealth end spend it, in such a way as should secure them a position in the best circles of fashion and refinement. These two circles, fashion and refinement, may be said to be the rivers—running orbits of other bodies moving in elevated spheres, though lying among the same plane, by eye can each distinguish. Money was a requisite for both—essential to the one, and very useful. Without money, one could not be a leading fashionable. It was a contest, which of these circles should be the highest. Fashion, which is only a counterfeit of refinement had pa-re-quisites which money could not command, arising from birth, education, accomplishment, scientific and sometimes literary eminence, which money could not buy, it demanded o be recognised as the best; a claim acknowledged by those who most completely filled it.

Among this second circle of the aristocracy of wealth, there was an intense jealousy of any one entering and taking rank in the highest walks of social life in Babylon, whose only claim was founded on the charms of intelect and manners. Especially was this true of women. It seemed as if each one felt such intruder taking something from herself, and, in some way, shading her individual brightness. It was a rare occurrence; but yet such achievements were occasionally made, and when they were accomplished, as when, for example, at the time of which we write, Miss Gray, an orphan of a revolutionary colonel, rose by her beauty the force of talent, and by charms of intellect enveloped by those who could admire what they had no power to imitate; for grace and goodness do make themselves felt. Her influence was by such power of fascination this young lady drew around her men of genius, men of literature, and learned. These men, one by one, acquired knowledge of a home, always bright with unaffected courtesy, and with the presence of minds who here found an atmosphere congenial to their tastes, where it was not out of place to talk of subjects of their long study, a circle in which all sought to please, and none to shine.

We have said the tests of gentility in Babylon were the manner in which the possession of wealth was made manifest to the world, the taste. Its furniture, its pictures, its statuary, plate, vases, mirrors, and last, not least, their libraries. In pictures, the "old masters" were mostly preferred. Indeed, a lady of eminence told a visitor from the country, who was giving a fine old picture, "that she and her husband thought alike in all such matters, and never would hang up in their drawing-room any but old masters, and intended going to the continent next summer, with their two girls, expressly to be painted by the old masters." The libraries were for the most part composed of books of the cabinet-maker; and the old authors very like prisoners bound, appearing at the plate-glass doors.

But, above all things else, the highest *ton* was expressed in their notions of piety. Pietism was the rage; and the centres of fashion were the gorgeous, splendid churches of the Papal and apostolical High Church of Babylon. In this, as in everything else, they sought to be very "re-church," as that eminent person, Mr. Aubrey Brown, pastor of Christ Church, went to say. This gentleman was equally distinguished by his position as a leader of *ton*, at parties, at balls, at public dinners, and by the fact that his services were in constant request; and it was his favorite phrase, when called upon to employ his talents by some ambitious lady or gentleman, "I think I can say that I am very re *churcha*." We will give a single illustration of the power exerted by this distinguished gentleman over the circles of the moneyed section of the aristocracy in Babylon. By some accident in putting up his sign as sexton on the church, the bar on the shield on which his name and street was emblazoned was painted *sinister*; and, without further investigation, magnificent palaces, along the Fifth Avenue and elsewhere, all bear, carved in the rich embalatures over the entrance, shields like those of Mr. John Brown, with bar sinisters thereon; and, unless erased, there they stand to this day.

On a Sunday morning, if the weather was fine, it was a beautiful sight to see these votaries of fashion, in elegant costumes, attended by gentlemen as faultless in dress as themselves, going to church, and then to witness their demeanor in church. Piety is always beautiful, and the affectation of piety is very pretty; for it affords the sweetness of contrast—the levity of the last ball, with its waltzes, comes up to the mind, in sweet relief to the serenity of devotion, transforming the Circe, with her witchery and significant glance, into the loveliest Magdalen. These contrasts (whether defined or not) are not the less captivating, and felt most by those who themselves are most innocent.

In the *haute monde*, as we have said, and as was befitting, the piety was that of the high church, Topics the most delicate to be treated

From the London Times.

MEMOIRS OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.*

As a general rule, the biographies of men of science are not interesting to ordinary readers. It is not that their lives are uneventful. We have memoirs of poets, novelists, historians, divines—all teeming with interest, although the incidents which the biographer has to relate are scarcely worth recording. Even a book which worthy Dr. Primrose thought it beneath him to chronicle, when his family in the vicarage turned from the fire-side to the brown room, and back again from the brown room to the blue room. The life of Samuel Johnson was uneventful, and yet his biography is the finest in the language. Even the dullest memoir of a man of science that has proved of deep and lasting interest, unless we except the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.

The fact is, that the more completely a man devotes himself to science, he becomes the less a social being; the less, therefore, a man, and the more a machine for thinking. And so we do not suppose that memoirs of Babbage's calculating-machine would be very entertaining, no matter in how many volumes it were cast by a widow's hulk perpetually?" he writes. "Whether you will be pleased to see me constantly in the melancholy dress of a widow, or flourish once more among the ladies?" This is the question, and that is the style of courtship which Dr. David, with all his learning and all his brilliant optical reputation, attributes to a philosopher whose soul was fixed on one idea—the increase of gravity (weight) and the square of the distance. Sir Isaac, we make bold to say, never had a thought of love.

In comparison with Newton, Uncle Toby's behaviour to the widow Wadman was the extreme of gallantry and licentiousness. It must be remembered that Newton was a god, and Sacharissa was a goddess. We need not say that we might have said three—things reminded him that he was a mortal, and not a god—love, sleep, and food. These three things proved the divinity of Sir Isaac, for he never thought on love, took very little sleep, and as for his dinner, he never cared for it, and often never ate it. It is said that neither wife nor child ever saw his face in his chamber," says Humphrey Newton, "which made well for the old woman, his bed-maker, she fearing much the better for it: for in a morning she has sometimes entered his room and supper scarcely tasted of, which the old woman has very pleasantly and mumpingly gone away with."

While speaking of food, we may mention, in passing, as a set-off to the negation of Newton's animal and emotional nature, his one gastronomic taste. He was fond of cold pork and apple pie, and would frequently eat no other food on any occasion of importance. He had a taste for his breakfast, instead of tea. Apples, too, appear to have been a favorite fruit of his; one of his pastimes while in Kensington after cider, and making great endeavors to ensure some grafts of the genuine "red-streaks." Perhaps it was one of those favored "red-streaks" that fell in the garden at Woolsthorpe and started the system of the world—the universality of the law of gravitation.

Other qualities Newton had none which were not purely intellectual. Even as a boy, he never joined in the games and amusements of his companions. We find him making dials and water-clocks and models of mills on the day of the great storm of 1658, when Cromwell

*Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries, of Sir Isaac Newton. By Sir David Brewster, K.H. in two vols. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co.

said from room to room, and the trees in St. James's Park were uprooted by the tempest. Newton, in his sixteenth year, was jumping about in the full enjoyment of the fury of the wind. In more advanced years, his amusements were still more severe. When weary of his other studies, (it is thought that he studied the properties of the moon, he "refreshed himself" with chronology and all the dry details of Instrums, Olympiads, and the expedition of the Argonauts.

With such pleasures, it will not be surprising that we return to negation, and say that his aesthetical nature was utterly dead. He had a perfect ear for poetry, and would have echoed the sentiment of his friend Barrow, that it is "an ingenious kind of nonsense." He showed his regard for poetry in the return he made to his friend, the Earl of Pembroke, that he was "a lover of stone dolls." And his opinions of painting is expressed in as few words—"we do not profess to comprehend, but which, according to the interpretation suggested by Sir David Brewster, implied that he considered pictures nonsense in oil."

As we look further into Newton's character, we find everywhere the same absence of color, the same sickliness that Bishop Horsley bewailed. One curious specimen of it is presented in a letter of advice to his young friend, Francis Aston, who was about to set out on his travels.

"If you be affronted," wrote the philosopher, "it is better *in a forraine country* to pass it by in silence, or with a jest, though with some dishonor, than to make a quarrel for it. For in the first case your credit's ne'er the worse when you return into England, or come into other company here at home than you were before. But, in the second case, you may bear the marks of the quarrel while you live, if you outlive it a while."

Here is a lily-liver with a vengeance—disgusting his young friend from a quarrel, on the ground, not of high Christian principle, but of mammon! But it is not wonderful that Isaac Newton was a coward. It is a most amusing thing to read how frightened he was to face the public. He could never bear publicity. He was partly his own worst enemy, a mind that could make him shrink from criticism, but partly, also, it was the result of a self-absorbed and unsociable nature. He could not bear the light. He had no need of human sympathy. When, shortly after writing the above letter to Francis Aston, he was asked for permission to publish one of his papers in the Royal Society's Transactions, he gave his consent, on condition that his name should be withheld.

"For I love," he writes, "what there is desirable in public esteem; were I able to acquire it, and maintain it, it would perhaps increase my acquaintance—the thing which I most endeavor to decline."

This appalling self-absorption is without a parallel in the history of the human mind. Even the most selfish delight in self-applied discussion with a Dutch physician of the name of Linus, he writes as follows to one of his friends:

"Now I have made myself a slave to philosophy; but if I get free of Mr. Linus's business, I will resolutely bid adieu to it eternally, excepting what I do for my own satisfaction, or communicate to some after age."

That sentence represents Sir Isaac to the life. All his pursuits were for his own private satisfaction; he shunned mankind; and there is not one of his discoveries that would ever have been published, if they had not been dragged into the light by his friends, while he looked on with mute astonishment at the multitude. Of him it may be said, with truth, what was never truly said of Milton, "His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

Dwelling thus apart, and viewing with singular apathy all that men most prize in public esteem and private sympathy, it was natural that Newton should look with indifference on almost all the objects of human ambition. Love he needed not; honor he sought not; above all things, he shunned publicity. Even such a man as Mim, money had no charms for him. Specimen metal, for his reflecting telescope, was to him the most precious of metals. The burning of a coal bubble, when pursuing his experiments on color, gave him more concern than the loss of £20,000 on the bursting of the South Sea Bubble. He was equally indifferent to some of his latest biographer, who has not condescended to hint at the loss. Sir Isaac thought more of a lens and a prism than of all the ingots at the mint, and all the diamonds in Amsterdam,

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He parted with his money freely—so freely, indeed, that his biographers have regarded it as a proof of singular generosity. It was nothing of the kind: it was no more generosity than is the act of the poor savage, who gives away inestimable treasures for a glass bead or a little bit of mirror.

What cared he for wealth? He had no interest in human life; he had no substantial pleasures which money could purchase, except pippins and cheesecakes. He gave it away to anybody who asked for it. In one of his absent fits, he had his pocket picked of more than £3,000, and suspected a nephew of the celebrated William Whitbread; he made no efforts to recover his bank bills, and, when asked how much he had lost, only replied, "too much." He was so far cheated by a friend, he said £4,000 for an estate in Wiltshire, worth only half that sum; he was told that he might vacate his bargain in equity, and he declined the trouble. "I am," says one of his friends, Humphrey Newton, "I have seen a small pasteboard box in his study set against the open window, which, at one sitting, I suppose, might contain guineas in a crowded edgeways; whether this was suspicion or carelessness, I cannot say; perhaps to try the fidelity of those about him!)

It was at the suggestion of Newton's friend Humphrey (how vividly he remembers it all!) first softly tempted when he saw "as one might suppose" [we quote from the sentences in the letter to Francis Aston, from which we have already quoted, that he had thought of transmutation as a means of recovering his lost wealth] about his young friend to inquire on the continent about transmutations, these "being the most fashionable researches of the *twelfthouns* experiments, too, in philosophy."

This letter, however, it must be remembered, was written not long before his circumstances were made easy by a pension, and when he was glad to escape his weekly payments as a member of the Royal Society. If ever he brought a guinea into his study, it was only for his frugal buttery book, and buy putty for his lenses and oranges for his sister. He gave away his money without concern; he was even offended when it was liberally and delicately put by persons who refused his purse. Think of Sir Isaac taking a handful of guineas at random out of the Mint, and considering it as a fee to a physician like Cheselden!

We have not said anything of the controversies which brought Newton into contact with his fellow-men, and put his mind and temper to the test; and we must leave it to others to adjust all the microscopic details of authorship and copyright, which form contemporary history. But it is impossible to pass without reprehension the unfairness with which Newton treated his opponents, Huygens and Hooke, Leibnitz and Flamsteed. It is true that the great theory of Newton's corpuscular theory of light has succumbed before the undulatory theory defended by Huygens and Young; that the law of double refraction has been dispatched by that of Huygens; that his theory of the inflexion of light has been forgotten for Hooke's; and that his method of fluxions, as well as the great calculus of all, has been supplanted by the differential calculus of Leibnitz. For one thing in these controversies he deserves the highest honor. His jealousy was absurd, all generosity was forgotten, but he never descended to the atrocious frauds which disgraced his opponents, Pascelli, Leibnitz, and Hooke.

Such was Newton as a man. Glorious in his intellect, with a piety rather intellectual than devotional, he was a slave without the spirit of a stoic, for he had no feelings to contend with. It is very saddening to find that the two most splendid names which science can boast of, belong to the most deficient in personal virtues as Lord Bacon and Sir Isaac Newton. In the former we find a positive moral obliquity, which would shock those who are not used to so majestic an intellect, that it excites terror and despair of human nature. In the latter we find simply a vacuum—iron intellect on every side of it, but a heart as hollow as the grave—almost a faithful representation of Newton's character, before the mind was illumined by divine truth from the inhuman flatteries which are published in his name. When the cotemporaries of Newton hailed him as a god, they declared, in very brilliant phrase, that he was not a man.

From the Semi-Weekly Evening Post.

JOHN VAN BUREN AND THE EVENING POST.

Our readers will find in our columns to-day an extract from a letter from John Van Buren, in reply to an inquiry addressed to him by one of the candidates for the office of Secretary of State. The purpose of it seems to have been to define the position of Mr. Van Buren in relations with the editors of the *Evening Post*, and give them and the public some evidence of the sincerity of his hostility to them, more reliable than his own word. We do not believe Mr. Van Buren over-estimates the interest which the public takes in his political or personal relations with us; but as he has seen fit to address them the sole topic of a scurrilous letter for the newspapers, we trust our readers will excuse us for devoting to that day a portion of the space which properly belongs to more important matters.

Mr. Van Buren seems to be under the impression that we have treated him in a very unfriendly manner in a vulgar saying, that the good will of a dog is better than his ill will; and for the same reason, we confess that we should not be indifferent to the friendly regard of Mr. Van Buren, even if we had no way of our respect as this letter proves him to be.

At the same time, we are at a loss to imagine in his reasons for suspecting us of a disposition to conceal his enmity, any more than in his friendship for us, from the public. Neither are of much consequence now to any one; but if we were to be asked for the principle by which our personal or political associations by selfish considerations, we certainly would have lost no time in proclaiming the fact that he was not our friend.

Mr. Van Buren states, however, what is untrue, when he says we "expressly" or implicitly refused to support him for the office to which he proposed to us. What we said, and all we said upon that subject, was, that "Mr. Van Buren is better known than ourselves, perhaps, whether our relations to him would be beneficial to his or those of political opponents." We neither admitted nor denied his statement. We knew that he had always professed to be locally opposed to 1848, when we both supported his father for the Presidency. We also knew that the *Evening Post* has ever since advocated the doctrines it so warmly opposed then, without opinion or change. If Mr. Van Buren had resolved to advocate different doctrines, then we were perfectly willing that he should, when we were not opponents. Whether he had or had not changed, we did not pretend to determine, but simply said that perhaps he knew better than we did. We had no thought of publishing his declaration, and submitted it to our readers for what it was worth. But we little dreamed how low an estimate he placed on the sincerity, until we saw, in the concluding paragraph of his recent letter to Mr. Hatch, how much dignity and forbearance he found it necessary to sacrifice in publishing it.

Some may think that a character for sincerity, which can only be maintained by forfeiting that of a gentleman, costs more than it comes to; but Mr. Van Buren thinks differently, and conducts himself accordingly. Housekeeth, it will be our own fault, and not his, if we mistake him again either for a gentleman or a friend.

What he says in regard to our misrepresentations of his position in the pending canvass, is so false as it is ungrateful. Our opposition to him, for more than a year past, has been characterized by a degree of forbearance, which has called forth the censure of personal relations contracted under peculiar circumstances of trial could excuse. In noticing the speech at Albany, in which he assailed with assaults upon his journal, we showed that he was defending himself, but no one else, in pretending that he had not endorse the Kansas-Nebraska bill when he proclaimed his approval of the resolution of the 29th of August. In that article will be found our justification for saying what we felt called upon to say about the position in the present canvass; and we are not willing to leave it with our readers to determine whether there was anything in that or in any previous number of this journal, which was not more respectful and considerate towards him than he deserved, or than a self-conceit less insufferable than his would have expected.

There is but one other statement, in the foul torrent of misrepresentation which Mr. Van Buren has discharged upon us, which it is consistent with our self-respect further to notice, and that relates to the eminent statesman whose name he, and not ourselves, has most irreverently dragged into the canvass.

In publishing the letter of ex-President Van Buren, some days ago, we said not a word to authorize the construction put upon its appearance by Mr. Hatch, or the comments of his correspondent, as any one may see by reading the extract incorporated into Mr. Hatch's letter. The letter of Mr. Van Buren, the father, came to us enclosed by a friend, and addressed to whom it was addressed, expressing a willingness to have it printed in the *Evening Post*, if we saw fit. We published it, of course, not as an expression or an intimation of Mr. Van Buren's views of the present canvass, but as an interesting memorial of a contest in which he took a strong and noble part.

The contents of that letter were perfectly consistent with his past, and we have no doubt they will be with his future, political action. Nor do we see any necessity for any further utterance in the *Evening Post* was otherwise than welcome to him or to his disinterested friends. If it was not welcome, it was the trouble—had been rightious over much—that Know Nothingism was a mere humbug, and, as they had foreseen, would explode spontaneously, &c., &c. Since then, if we might believe these wise people, the organization has been constantly exploding, until nothing is left of it.

It is hoped that the Democracy will meet its responsibilities. When the Know Nothing Convention at Philadelphia divided, we did not anticipate the extinction of the Order in the Free States. We supposed that in States where the Anti-Slavery sentiment was dominant, the Councils would concede something to it for the sake of uniting in throwing off their power; and in States where it was not, they would remain in full association with the National Order, so that the result would be, schism, but not extinction. In fact, we apprehended that it would be more difficult than ever for Anti-Slavery men to deal with it. Were we right? What has been the history of the Order in the Free States, from the time of the secession, to its entire? It may all be summed up in one sentence—*uninterrupting effort to perpetuate itself, either by making the Anti-Slavery sentiment tributary, or by breaking it down.*

This has been its history, and in full view of the fact, how any real friend of Freedom could for a moment wish to perpetuate it by any means short of the great obstacle to an effective Anti-Slavery union, passes our comprehension.

See how utterly it has paralyzed the Anti-Nebraska movement in Indiana and New Jersey, and the almost inextricable embarrassments in which it has involved it in Pennsylvania! See how uncertain it renders the state of things in Iowa! See how it has divided the Whig vote of the great States of New York and Massachusetts! Had the Anti-Nebraska Movement, in other words, the Anti-Slavery Movement, been let alone, Iowa, Indiana, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and Massachusetts, would have been *Republican*, in fact and in name, and there could have been no doubt as to their position. Now, we say on one hand to whom they will then stand? Your Union-saving Know Nothingism has conquered some of them, given the rest to Nebraska Democracy, arrayed them all, nominally, against the Republican Party, the only Party organized to represent and carry out the Sentiment of Freedom, in opposition to the policy of Slavery-propagandism—and, by Nothingism has made itself and continues to divide the Free States, and, unless its power be broken before next the vote of the Slave Power.

How can any Anti-Slavery man in Massachusetts look to the following, and not blush for the countenance he may have given to an organization, which this year has just as effectually placed Massachusetts against the great Freedom Movement, as the Whig and Democratic Parties used to do?

"Returns from all the towns in the State, except Nahant, foot:

Gardner - - 13,730 Beach - - - 34,991
Rockwell - 36,777 Walley - - - 14,468

Gardner's plurality over Rockwell - 14,953
Majority against Gardner - - - 34,506

"The Senate will probably stand: Know Nothing, 28; Republicans, 9; Democrats, 2; and the House nearly as follows: Know Nothings, 153; Republicans, 80; Whigs and Liberals, 57; Democrats, 20."

Do our readers recollect the explanation assigned last year, by our Anti-Slavery friends, for the astounding revolution in Massachusetts? "Oh, it was a frolic. The masses had got sick of the old parties, and were determined to have a good time of it. Know Nothingism they did not believe in, but they saw it could be turned to account in braining the old parties, and so they used it. It was merely a temporary excitement. They meant nothing more by it. Trust them—everything will come out right. Massachusetts next year will be on the Republican platform," &c.

When, doubting all this, we undertook to remonstrate, to discuss the doctrines of the new Order, to protest against its policy, assuming that the masses had been misled, it really were misled, we were sneered at by some, denounced by others, kindly admonished by others that we were only beating the air, for "nobody believed in it." And so, instead of meeting the mischievous delusion face to face, grappling with it, laboring to rescue the People from its grasp, they were silent, let it have free course, and the result to-day is—*the triumph of Gardnerism over Republicanism, by fifteen thousand votes!*

It is disagreeable to dwell upon these things, but shall we not learn wisdom by the things that we have suffered? Had the Anti-Slavery men of Massachusetts, last year, when the Republican Party was organized, adhered to their own honest, long-tried, open policy, of laboring in a noble and by right means, they would this year have carried the State. How long before men will learn that temporary success, obtained at the expense of sound principle, is ultimate loss—that honesty, whatever it may cost now, always pays in the long run.

We have spoken plainly of the Past—let us speak hopefully of the Future. Some of our friends are disappointed. We are encouraged. We knew that the hour must come for the elimination of the Anti-Slavery Sentiment from other organizations, and its embodiment in an independent form—that the friends of Freedom could never be rallied and united on a Whig, Democratic, or Know Nothing platform. And we knew that, whenever this independent existence and action were resolved upon, there would be, in many cases, temporary reverses, attendant upon the transition state. In Ohio, the process in part was accomplished last year. A Republican organization, with the Know Nothing element subordinate and tributary, carried the State. This year, it had to finish what it began, and has come out gloriously. In Massachusetts the Republican organization last fall was a failure—the whole work of elimination and separate organization was thrown upon this year. In New York, a similar state of things existed. Last year, the Anti-Nebraska Movement, availing itself of the machinery of the Whig organization, and uniting the active Anti-Nebraska element of the State, secured the ascendency; but the Republican Movement was a failure. This year, that machinery was given up, and the work of organizing a Republican Party was fairly commenced. It is easy to see what difficulties must be encountered by an organization of this character, necessarily incomplete, of materials somewhat incongruous, and not yet perfectly fused, without traditional associations, without a Past, contending not only against an old Party, strengthened by Patronage, but against a Secret Order of vast power, with a machinery of action almost unequalled.

Looking at the results in both States under this aspect, they are full of encouragement. The Administration Party, in both States, is overwhelmed—it is no longer a Party, but a faction. The Know Nothing Party in Massachusetts is no longer in the majority—Gardner's plurality being but fifteen thousand. Last year, the majority in his favor was thirty thousand—this year, a larger vote being cast, the natural majority against him is about thirty-three thousand. Last year, the Legislature in both branches was nearly a unit for Know Nothingism—this year, the Anti-Know Nothings have a majority of the House, and a respectable representation in the Senate. In New York, the Know Nothings have probably carried the State Ticket by a small majority—perhaps from five to ten thousand, but in both branches of the Legislature the plurality is against them. In both States, the Straight-out Whigs are out of sight; the Administration Party is behind the Republican, which stands foremost in the Legislature of New York, and next to the Know Nothings in that of Massachusetts. If, in its first effort, with an imperfect organization, too, the Republican Party has accomplished so much, making a drawn battle of it, even with its most powerful and best-disciplined antagonist, what may we not expect for it hereafter? Which has the more vitality, love of Freedom, or hatred of Foreigners? On which rests our hope—those uniting more unlike principles, Republicanism or Know Nothingism? The one must decrease, the other increase.

In a few weeks, Congress will be in session. No miserable question in relation to foreigners will occupy its time. Every one knows that the stern issues growing out of the conflict between Freedom and Slavery will engross its attention. The People will be harassed by its discussions—they will be called upon to take sides for or against Slavery. Republicanism and Slavery-Propagandism, not Nativism and Foreignism, will be the watch-words. Let Republicans be true to their own cause—thrust aside all other issues—openly denounce whatever defection of their People will be occasioned

The Review.

HEAVEN: or, an Earnest and Scriptural Inquiry into the Abode of the Sainted Dead. By Rev. H. Harbaugh, Pastor of the First German Reformed Church, Lancaster, Pa. 12mo. pp. 288. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1856. Duodecimo.

THE HEAVENLY RECOGNITION: or, an Earnest and Scriptural Discussion of the Question, "Will we know our friends in Heaven?" By Rev. H. Harbaugh, A. M., author of Heaven and the Sainted Dead. 9th edition. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1856. Both sold by Taylor & Maury, Washington, D. C.

Both of these works, by the same author, are new and revised editions of books which have already been favorably received, and one, if not both of them, we noticed some time since. Their subjects are such as will always more or less engage the attention of the Christian public especially, and indeed of the world do not openly deny a future state. While man is mortal, and there is not a day in which some among us do not see friends torn away from them, and familiar faces of loved ones disappearing from their family circles, there will ever be a fond desire to dwell upon the hope of meeting them again, and to imagine their present whereabouts and employ. Every answer to such a question must of course be founded on the Bible, the truth God reveals. As for the pretended responses of the spiritualists, we say them aside as worse than useless; for we can build no faith on replies which, if real, would show that men of mighty minds have made no advance, but rather gone backward in a dwelling of scores of years, or even centuries, in a higher state of nearness to the Supreme Intelligence. There is, however, a degree of latitude for speculation in the interpretation of some passages of Scripture, and a rational curiosity may be indulged, no doubt, in putting forth the ventures of conjecture into the unrevealed relations of individuals to each other, who meet in the same blessed place. Into this domain of investigation writers of no mean note have gone within the past few years; and the increasing number of such works, and their success, show that they meet a common want. Isaac Taylor's Physical Theory of another Life was one of these, which, while containing portions that were not wholly approved, yet exercised no little power over the minds of thinking men. Mr. Harbaugh in his volumes has based his reasonings strongly on the Scriptures. He regards heaven as a place, and not merely as a state. He maintains that the spirits of the blessed at death immediately enter into this place, and consequently discards the idea of any future state; and that there they are acquainted with what is passing in this world, or, as he says, there is a sympathy between heaven and earth. These last conclusions he embodies in four propositions, viz: We have communion with the saints in heaven; we shall in heaven remember this world, and think of us. The saints in heaven know more of us than we do of them. The saints in heaven know us, and are interested in us. Subsidiary questions also are discussed, and a variety of illustrations drawn from the history of opinions, thus rendering his book one of research also.

The other volume, *The Heavenly Recognition*, is a sequel to the former, and brings together a numerous collection of quotations from the Scriptures, and ancient and modern authors, to establish the fact of such recognition of friends in a future state. Both are written in a clear, agreeable style; a deep tone of piety pervades them, and they leave an impression upon the mind of the author's spirit on the reader's mind. The dress they wear, from the imprint of the press whence issued, be such as we love to see in a good book, and such as we have noticed already in many publications of the firm.

S.

A VIEW OF THE SCRIPTURE REVELATIONS CONCERNING A FUTURE STATE. By Richard Whately, D. D., late Archbishop of Dublin. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1855. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington, D.C.

From the same press of Lindsay & Blakiston, we have here a reprint of another work, by a distinguished foreign author which has also been favorably received with high commendation. If a man—well known as that of a writer among the most esteemed in the Christian world at present, both in Great Britain and in this country, gives authority to a man's opinions on any subject, that of Archbishop Whately will be regarded as entitling these Lectures, on the topics of which they treat, to a careful perusal. The ground the author takes is of an intermediate state, according to the views of the Episcopal Church. This state is one of consciousness, and not one of trial. In connection with these, he also treats of the resurrection, the judgment, the expected restoration of the Jews and the Millennium, with that of punishments, Heaven and the condition of the blessed, &c.—all of which subjects are discussed with his usual ability. So that we have the curious fact of there being issued from the same press, at the same time, works on both sides of the question of the intermediate state. A comparison of the mode of argumentation, and the course of thought through which two minds, both of them men of reflection, are led to so opposite results, is afforded, and it is not an uninteresting one. While one sees proof positive in certain passages of Scripture, the other does not think much light is thrown on the question by them. The arguments of Whately are more abstract, and adduced more in the style of a logician, and we think more as he is wont to show to be; and, however satisfactory or not to some minds, may be read with profit. The ground over which he ranges is wider, and of course his view must be more generalized than were he more exclusively confined to one topic. In a note in the preface, he states a fact, showing how differently two minds are affected by the same work. One intelligent clergyman, on the publication of an earlier edition of his Lectures, wrote to him, requesting him, in a future edition, to omit a particular Lecture; while, in a letter from another equally intelligent clergyman, in another part of England, he received a letter, pointing to that Lecture as one from which he had derived much profit. In this case the same will be the result on different classes of persons of the present edition; and we hope, with such facts in view, his readers will be disposed to give the author a candid hearing. s.

THE METHOD OF THE DIVINE GOVERNMENT, PHYSICAL AND MORAL. By James McCosh, LL. D., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the Queen's University for Ireland. Fourth edition. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1855. For sale by Gray & Ballantyne, Washington, D. C.

This work, at its first publication in Scotland, in 1850, was regarded as one of high merit, even by minds who were well versed in the writings of Chalmers, Sir William Hamilton, and other authors in that land of metaphysics and mental philosophy. Its success, too, is attested by the fact that it has there reached its *fourth* edition. It could hardly be that the author, who has since been called to fill the chair of Logic and Metaphysics in the Queen's University for Ireland, should not have made some advance on his former investigations, and the development of his views. Accordingly, this revised edition, while it retains the general form of the earlier one, yet has undergone many most important alterations. Portions have been omitted or abridged, and supplied by new matter. Several whole sections have been introduced, and the attention directed to points where the writer's opinions have in some cases been called in question. Its value is thus very greatly enhanced, as it gives the fresher products of the author's more matured mind, in accordance with the progress of philosophy in the course of the last few years.

Portions of it may seem dry and uninteresting to those who are not fond of abstract reasoning; but the greater part of the work is of a cast to be read with profit and interest by any one who will take the trouble to think. The subjects of which he treats are among the highest that can occupy the thoughts of man: A view of the Divine Government; the phenomena of the mind; the actual world, physical and moral; the relation of God's providence to man's nature and character; the principles on which He proceeds in His dealings with His fallen creatures; the following out of plans to secure discipline, and restore him to himself—these are so praiseworthy as to call forth the energies of that intellect which is urged by a commanding desire to promote His glory.

To say that Professor McCosh has made only a most useful book—though this might satisfy an honest wish to do well—would be to withhold from him a part of the praise which is his due. He has given us a volume which meets the wants of many a reflective mind. In an age so rife with the more refined species of infidelity—when Pantheistic and Atheistic philosophy, though so widely apart in seeming, yet tend to the same end, to dethrone the God of the Bible, and find in the unstable and ever-restless minds of the present time so much to countenance it—a work like this is very opportune. It is well to have a vigorous effort like this put forth, to recall the thoughts to the hearing of the great facts of the human constitution, and the operations of the mind and the world to the Creator, Preserver, moral Governor, and Redeemer of mankind.

The style of the book is clear and vigorous, at times it rises to eloquent impressiveness, but ever bears the marks of earnest faith and sincere dealing with his fellow-men. Different classes of readers will probably treat it differently. Those who but skim a work, and give not an hour to patient reflection, may catch it up, and, if they chance to light on certain pages, find even their attention chained for a time to the subject; whereas, it was not written for such facts it contains; or, if on some others of closer argument and analysis, throw it down, and pronounce it dull and heavy. It will leave its impress, however, on the domain of thought, and help to make future acquisitions more easy. s.

THE LADY OF THE WEST; or, the Gold Seekers. Written for the great American nation. By John Bullion. Cincinnati: Printed for the author, by Moore, Wilstach, Keys, & Overend. 1855.

There are some works which we would rather not feel obliged to notice. If we are honest in our expression of opinion, we know we may offend, and possibly, too, may undesignedly seem harsh in our judgments to some whose minds rather than ours are given to discover they are not meant for authorship. We shall therefore confine ourselves to a brief statement of the defects in pretension combined on one candidate, and the boasted loudly of the victory which he fancied he could see within his reach. But vain were the hopes. The Republicans elected their candidate (a good, reliable Temperance man) by one hundred majority. The Know Nothings in a combined effort, by which they have accepted to elect, but they came out *third* best. The Republicans have elected all their county candidates, (Sheriff, County Clerk, &c.), and have elected three out of four of their candidates for the Assembly, and all good Temperance men. Yours, &c., C.

A CONCISE VIEW OF THE RESULT IN OHIO.

CADIZ, HARRISON COUNTY, OHIO, *November 1*, 1855.

To the Editor of the National Era:

I feel very grateful to you, sir, that the *Era* has never faltered in the great battle of Right against Wrong. It gave important aid in the late political contest in Ohio, and has received so gloriously for ourselves and for the nation. This triumph, I trust, is but an earnest of what we shall do in 1856. We in Ohio, and the country around—do then three distinct parties combined on one candidate, and the boasted loudly of the victory which he fancied he could see within his reach. But vain were the hopes. The Republicans elected their candidate (a good, reliable Temperance man) by one hundred majority. The Know Nothings in a combined effort, by which they have accepted to elect, but they came out *third* best. The Republicans have elected all their county candidates, (Sheriff, County Clerk, &c.), and have elected three out of four of their candidates for the Assembly, and all good Temperance men. Yours, &c., C.

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KANSAS CONGRESSIONAL ELECTION.

A Notice from Gov. Reeder.

To Hon. J. W. Whitfield:

SIR: Please take notice that I shall contest your right to a seat in the next Congress of the United States, as Congressional Delegate of the Territory of Kansas, and that the depositions of witnesses will be taken touching the law under which your alleged election took place, and the illegality of votes cast for you, on the first day of October, instant, will be taken at the following times and places, before some judge, justice, or competent person, at which times and places you may attend, if you think proper, to cross-examine.

On the 5th, 6th, and 7th of November next, at the house of E. C. K. Garvey, in the town of Topeka.

On the 8th of November next, at the American Hotel, in the town of Kansas, State of Missouri.

On the 9th, 10th, and 12th of November next, at the office of S. S. Jones, Esq., in the town of Lawrence.

On the 13th and 14th of November next, at the house of Henry Hollenberg, on the Vermillion Branch of Blue river.

On the 15th of November next, at the house of W. W. Scearce, on Stranger Creek.

On the 16th and 17th of November next, at the old hospital building at Fort Scott.

On the 19th and 20th of November next, at the house of James Hughes, in the town of Osawattomie.

On the 22d of November next, at the house of Lotan Stevens, on Pottawatomie Creek.

On the 23d, 24th, and 26th of November next, at the office of Wm. Philips, in Leavenworth city.

All which said places, except the town of Kansas, are in the Territory of Kansas, and the time of commencing at each place will be 10 o'clock A. M., and if it shall be impracticable to take said depositions at the houses named, they will be adjourned, with notice at the time, to a more convenient place.

Any other notices which you may receive from the Chairman, signed by G. P. Lowry, Esq., R. Cordes, Esq., M. J. Parrott, Esq., or G. W. Brown, Esq., on my behalf, will be authorized by me. A. H. REEDER.

Kansas Territory, Oct. 16, 1855.

Whitfield replies at some length, and indulges in a vein of recrimination and personality.

SPIRITUALISM FUSED WITH LOCOFOCOISM.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., *Nov.* 7, 1855.

To the Editor of the National Era:

The election here yesterday passed off very quietly, although very great interest was manifested at the polls. The day was fine, and a large promise of a righteous verdict of the people. The Republicans had to meet not only the Democracy, but a new party, doubly confused. The Hard Shells fused with the Soft Shells on the candidate for member of Assembly, and the *Spiritualists* fused with that combination—so that there were three distinct parties combined on one candidate, and the boasted loudly of the victory which he fancied he could see within his reach. But vain were the hopes. The Republicans elected their candidate (a good, reliable Temperance man) by one hundred majority. The Know Nothings in a combined effort, by which they have accepted to elect, but they came out *third* best. The Republicans have elected all their county candidates, (Sheriff, County Clerk, &c.), and have elected three out of four of their candidates for the Assembly, and all good Temperance men. Yours, &c., C.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

KANSAS EMIGRANT MEETING.

Speeches of Senators Toombs, Iverson, and others.

For the National Era.

ENGLAND, KOSSUTH, AND HUNGARY.

"CALL MY NATIVE LAND TO YOUR HELP," says the great Magyar, "let loose the nationalities, and the Arctic Bear will lie drivew, crippled and bowling, back to his den." And all Americans, not Russian in sympathy, must lament that England was less interested in maintaining the nationality of Christian, Republican Hungary, than she now is in support of Mahomedan, despotic Turkey. Had England but helped to save from Turkey, in 1827; Turkey she helped to save from Russia, in 1829, and has been doing so ever since—but Hungary struggled alone against the Hapsburg and the Czar. In the days when the Crescent endangered Christendom, Hungary stood in the gap. And in this age, when Moscovite barbarism threatens Europe, Hungary alone can stand there once more, and the Western nations watch her fall, wait till Russia takes a second step onward, and then they take up arms to "maintain the integrity of the Turkish Empire, and the security of Europe." Says Kossuth, "Set up the barrier first between Poland and Hungary, and then fell long ago, Poland and Hungary, and then Turkey will be safe, Europe will be secure."

Though England be the only spot in the Old World where Kossuth's head can in security repose, in his unconfiguration at her crooked course, since the battle of Navarino, there is justice. The key to that strange policy is to be found in the mixed form of her Government, as will appear in the concluding article. For the present it may be observed, that Greece, though rescued from Turkey, did not save, and could not save, Turkey herself from Russia, to continue a monarchy. The rank English Tories, as advocates of kingly rights, have motives for opposing the advance of Russian arms, which the Liberal men in England retain the integrity of nations. In the case of Greece, while all England felt interested for the success of the Greeks, no party went so far as to endanger the main object of England, to end to the Turkish atrocities. But Hungary was an intruder into the European family, "without a father to her horn." Much of England sympathized with her cause, but the strength of England could not have been engaged in its defense.

But, how far shall we blame the British Democracy for their support of the plan on which the present Russian war is prosecuted? If they could, it would be to their credit. Instead of the Hungarian Republic, that time is past. The influence which Russia acquired—by the aid of her medium upon the neutral of Austria) has emboldened the Tsar to another step by what means may she be stopped? The liberal men of England see this plain must be stopped, whether Turkey shall be established now, or not. The time when we might have talked of republics has passed away, and gone into a time when we must talk of nationalities.

The existing, separate despotisms of Middle Europe, detestable as they are, leave more room for the growth of liberal ideas, and for consolidation with a semi-barbarian Power which now maintains the vicegerency of Heaven over the third part of the earth. Then, in curbing Russia, shall England exchange her alliance of art with France for that of Poland and Hungary? And, since the name of Napoleon is pledged to the extinction of republics, shall revolutionized France be added to the glorious league? How America would rejoice at beholding strong old England and France, with all the nationalities against all the crowns and corruptions of the establishment of republics. Such a course were not only unnatural, but, in the end, suicidal. England must avoid revolutionize, before she can lead Europe in a revolutionary war. And how all thinking men must pause. Her Government, embracing so much more of good than of evil, and capable of such improvement, must come out its own peaceful revolution, cannot be violently subverted without the hazard of destroying the blessings with its abuses. That hazard the British Democracy are willing to assume. Jury trial, habeas corpus, free speech, a home for exiles, cheap land, penny postage—these indications of the future they are now willing to commit to the chances of a revolution. The fabric of the English Government is an ancient Norman castle, which has undergone successive improvements, as the ages went by. Many of its dungeons have been opened to the light, or changed to festive halls. Modern art has made many of its rooms rich and comfortable among its rough walls and lived battlements. The old, the modern, and the new, are bound together in the same structure. Carefully replace its ancient stones, and those with which it steadily replace them, stone by stone. Our own Temple of Liberty, while it bathes its dome in light, has its cellar, its cavern, its vault, and dark—though in America, where the cornerstone was laid in an enlightened age, we might have expected to find an edifice harmonious and faultless in its proportions. Many of us among us who would pull down the temple yet. Nor will the liberal men of England take such destructive views of the castle of the past, as that edified by great present suffering, casting its shadow on the future.

Now, however, England is earnestly engaged in a way, which, for the present, has much impact importance to the Republican cause. The conflict is of such a nature as to produce a cordial union of the great English parties. The Aristocracy and the Democracy are interested in maintaining an equilibrium among sovereigns. By the security of Germany and of all Europe, they understand the security of the kingly and aristocratic rulers in present rank and importance. At the same time, the Democracy, the friends of the people, fighting in the same cause, rejoice that they, too, have an important work to perform, in securing nationalities—thus keeping open a way for the establishment of constitutional or even republican governments.

The States of the German Federation can only hope to rid themselves of their rulers in case of two contingencies: either they must have the leadership and protection of France, which shall withstand the certain intervention of Russia, or they must have the assistance of overthrow and loss of power, he led to doubt her heavenly commission. Fit and just occasion for striking such a blow has suddenly presented itself. Russia has forfeited her title to credentials, and four nations are found willing to dispute them. If they be defated, her prestige as apostolic power will be more than maintained. *If the British Democracy mean to do anything for Europe, let them strike now, while they have help!* And let the Scandinavians, and let the exiles of trampled nations, and let the Free States of America, say, AMEN!

East Union, Ohio, November 2.

The conclusion at which our correspondent arrives seems to be inconsistent with the reasoning by which it is preceded. He first shows that "the fabric of English Government," having much more of good than evil in it, should not be thrown down, but gradually corrected and reformed. He thinks that this is the feeling of the "liberal men in England;" and then strangely arrives at the conclusion that, "If the British Democracy mean to do anything for Europe, let them strike now," &c. We are unable to understand how an intelligent writer makes so strange a deduction from his premises. What can he mean by the British Democracy striking now, but revolution?

The Wabash Valley Railroad wish to employ two thousand laborers, more than half of their force at present being off duty on account of chills and fever.

The adjourned meeting of the Kansas Emigrant Aid Society of Muscogee, held in Columbus, Ga., on the 27th October, was a most interesting one, and resulted in the subscription of $900 on the spot, and the enrollment of 20 additional members. The principal points of interest, however, were the speeches of Hon. Robert Toombs and Alfred Iverson, representatives of the State of Georgia in the Senate of the United States. Having referred to the organization of the society, Mr. Toombs said:

It presents a practical question one that addresses itself both to our interests and our patriotism. Upon the admission of Missouri into the Union, by consent of the North, Slavery was prohibited in all the Territories lying north of 36° 30′. For a long while, this vast country attracted little attention. But of late, for a few years past, the fertility of that portion of it known as the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska, lying immediately west of Missouri and Iowa, has excited the cupidity of speculators, enterprising pioneers and emigrants. They recently applied to Congress for Territorial Governments, and the bill was passed for the organization of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. The principles of the bill are familiar to all. The prominent feature of it—the only one of practical importance to the South—was, that it repealed so much of the Missouri restriction, that it left to the people of the vast Territories of the West the sole regulation of their domestic institutions, repealed or prohibited the interference of either Congress or the States in their regulation. He had voted for the bill; he was content to abide by its principles. He had no sympathy with the hostile laws of emigration people these Territories. Such was the understanding of all, upon the passage of the bill. Now, what was the object of these hostile emigrants? Was it to make Kansas free soil? When she applies for admission into the Union, the South is pledged not to object. If she applies with a Constitution recognizing Slavery, the North is bound by a similar pledge.

The day is near at hand when she will be seeking admission. Our enemies were already in the field. Why stand we here idle? Delay was fatal. It was time the South was aroused to the fact that the Union was in danger. He was in favor of Emigrant Aid Associations at the South, to counteract the efforts of the Abolitionists, to avert, if possible, the threatened danger in Kansas. He did not look to our constitutional rights, or to the Union, or the purchase or conquest of any more territory.

Resolved, That we rejoice that the people of the North are waking up to their interests. We also rejoice that the people of the South, true to their faith? Is she not doing everything in her power to thwart the nefarious objects and purposes of the Aid Society? She does not disguise her intentions. Are they not wrong upon principle? Should she succeed by such efforts in overpowering the North, would she make Kansas a slave